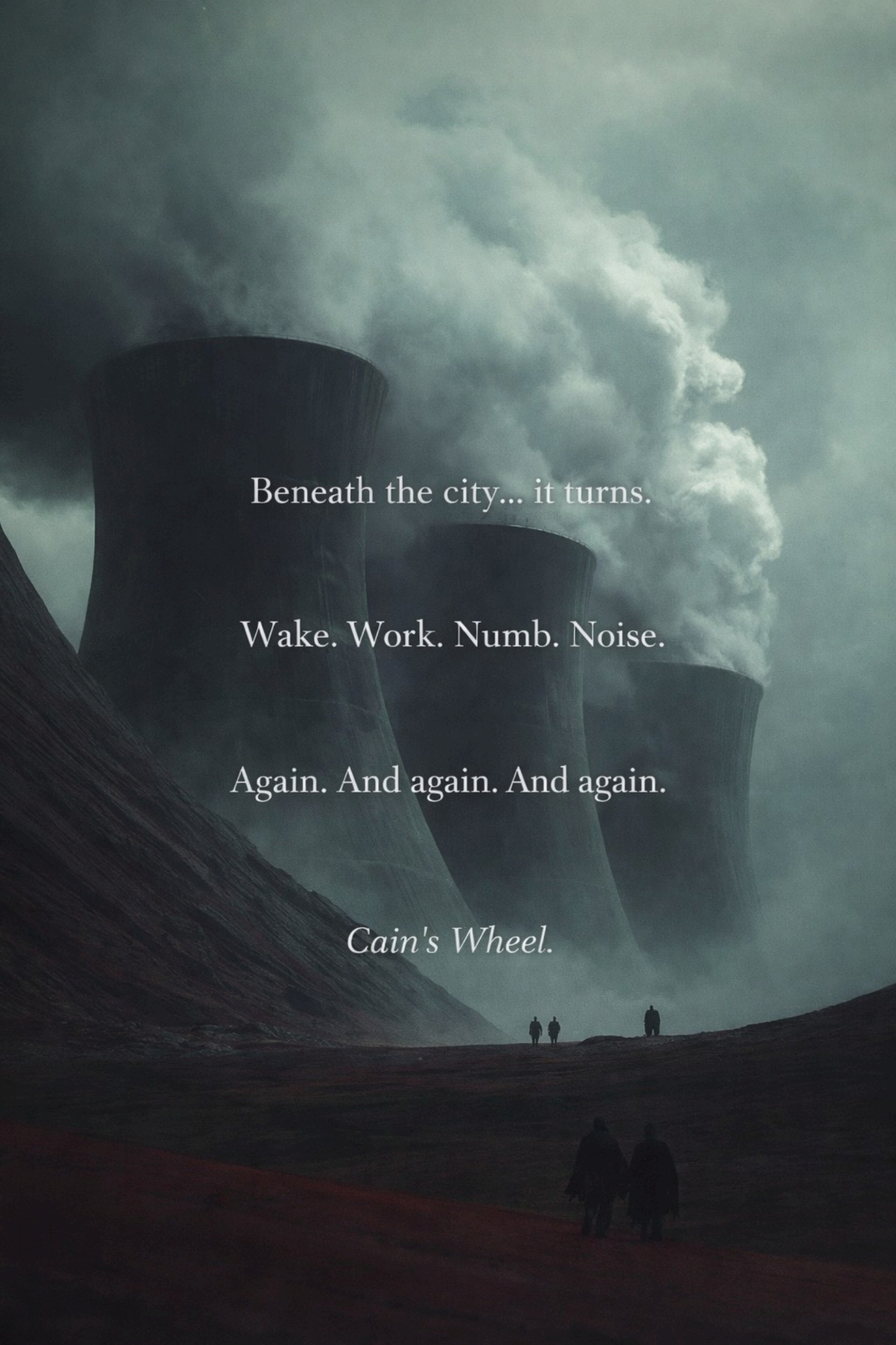
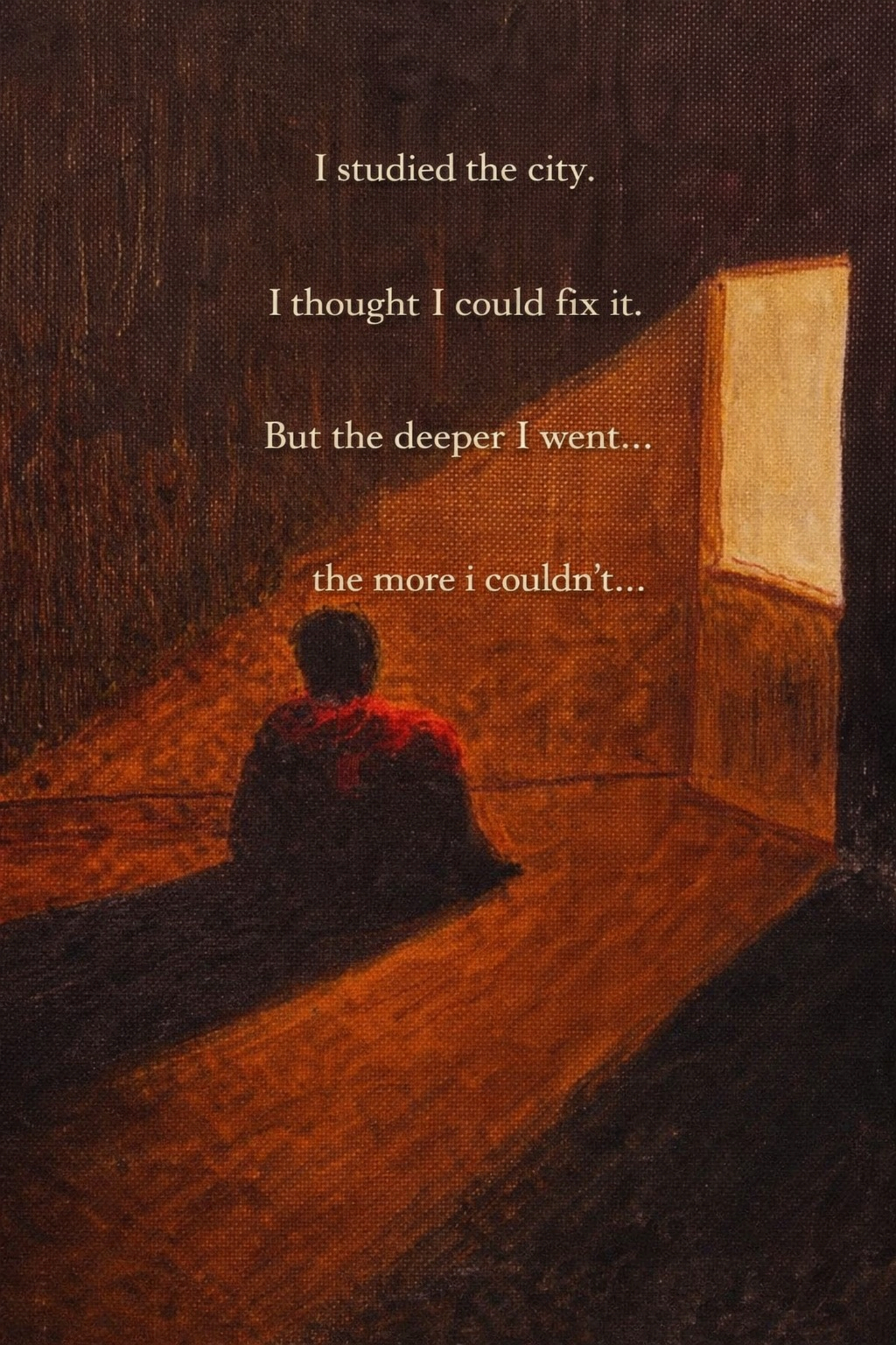
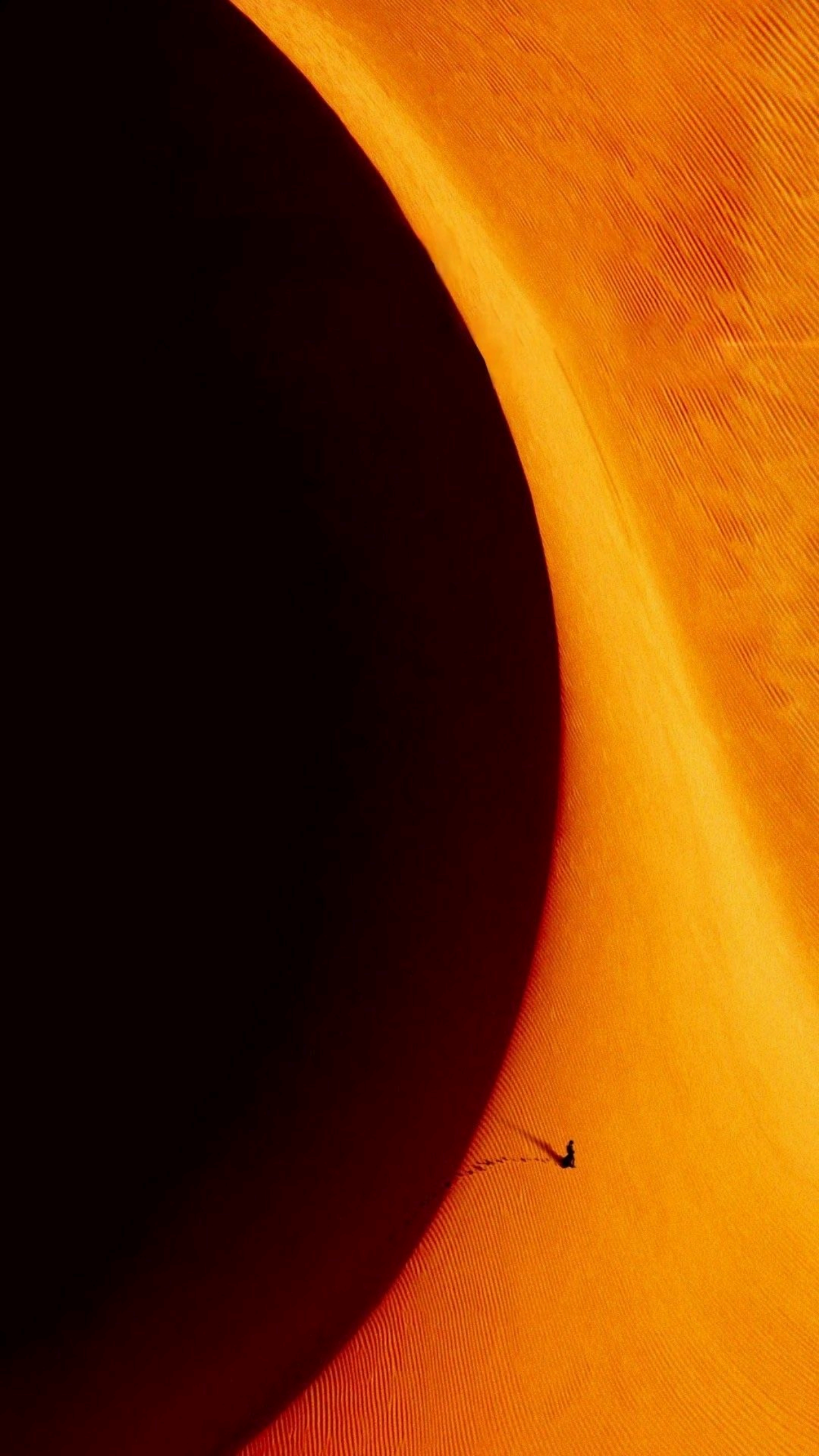
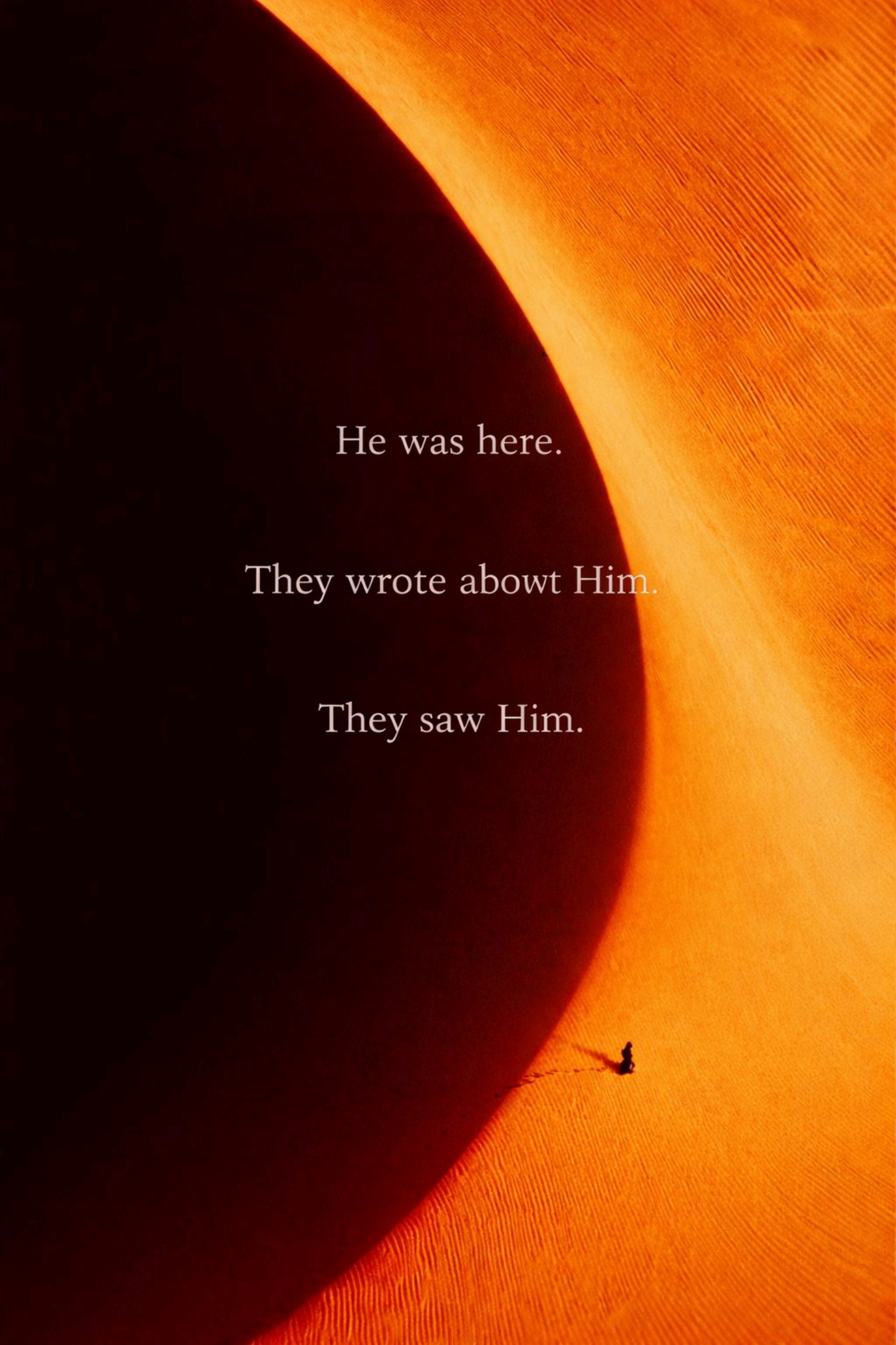
Gotham City.
A monument
to human ambition.
Powered by
something... unseen.
The Machine never stops.

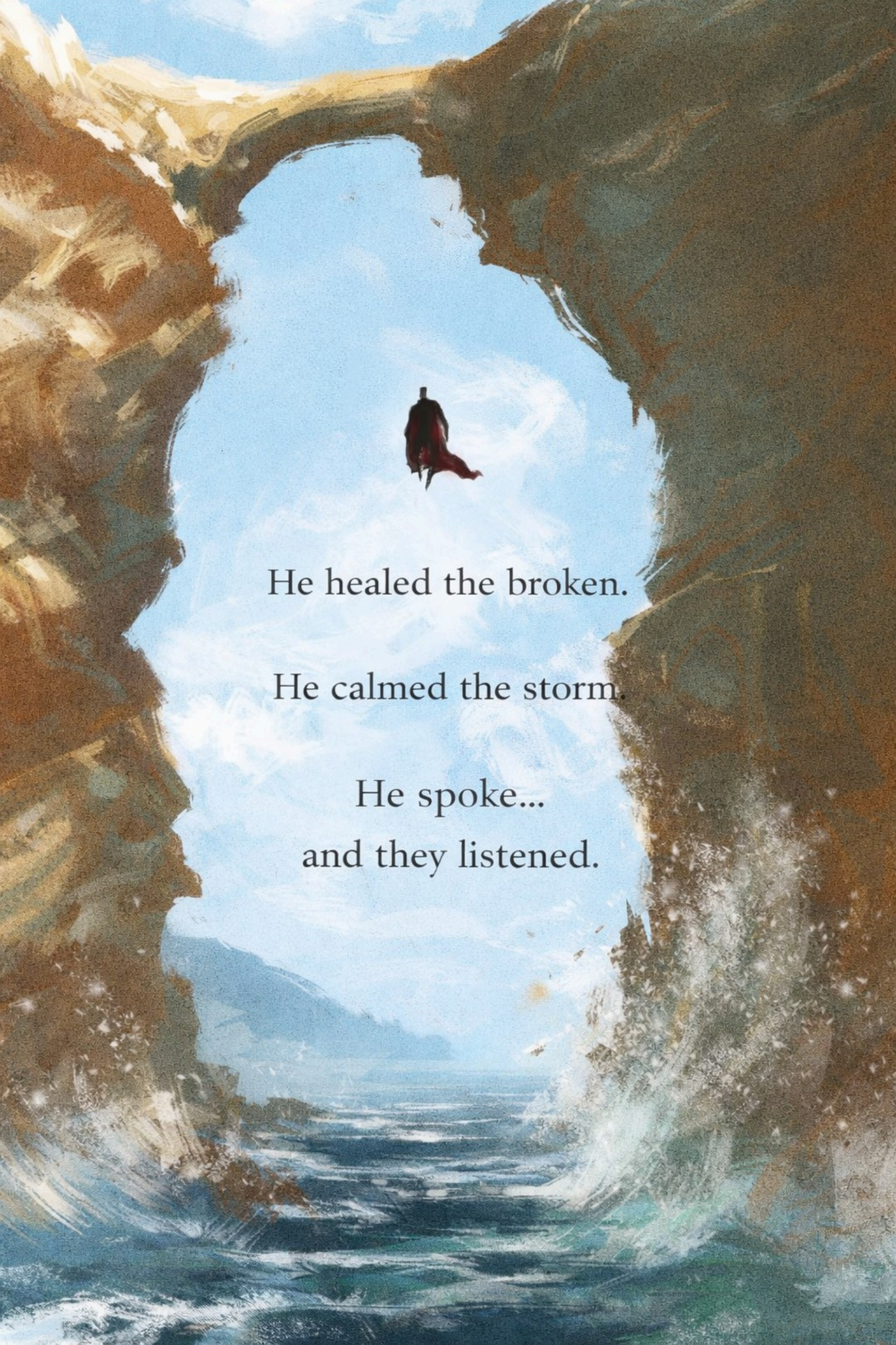

Beneath the city... it turns.
Wake. Work. Numb. Noise.
Again. And again. And again.
Cain's Wheel.


I studied the city.
I thought I could fix it.
But the deeper I went...
the more i couldn't...

where is superman?




He was here.
They wrote abowt Him.
They saw Him.

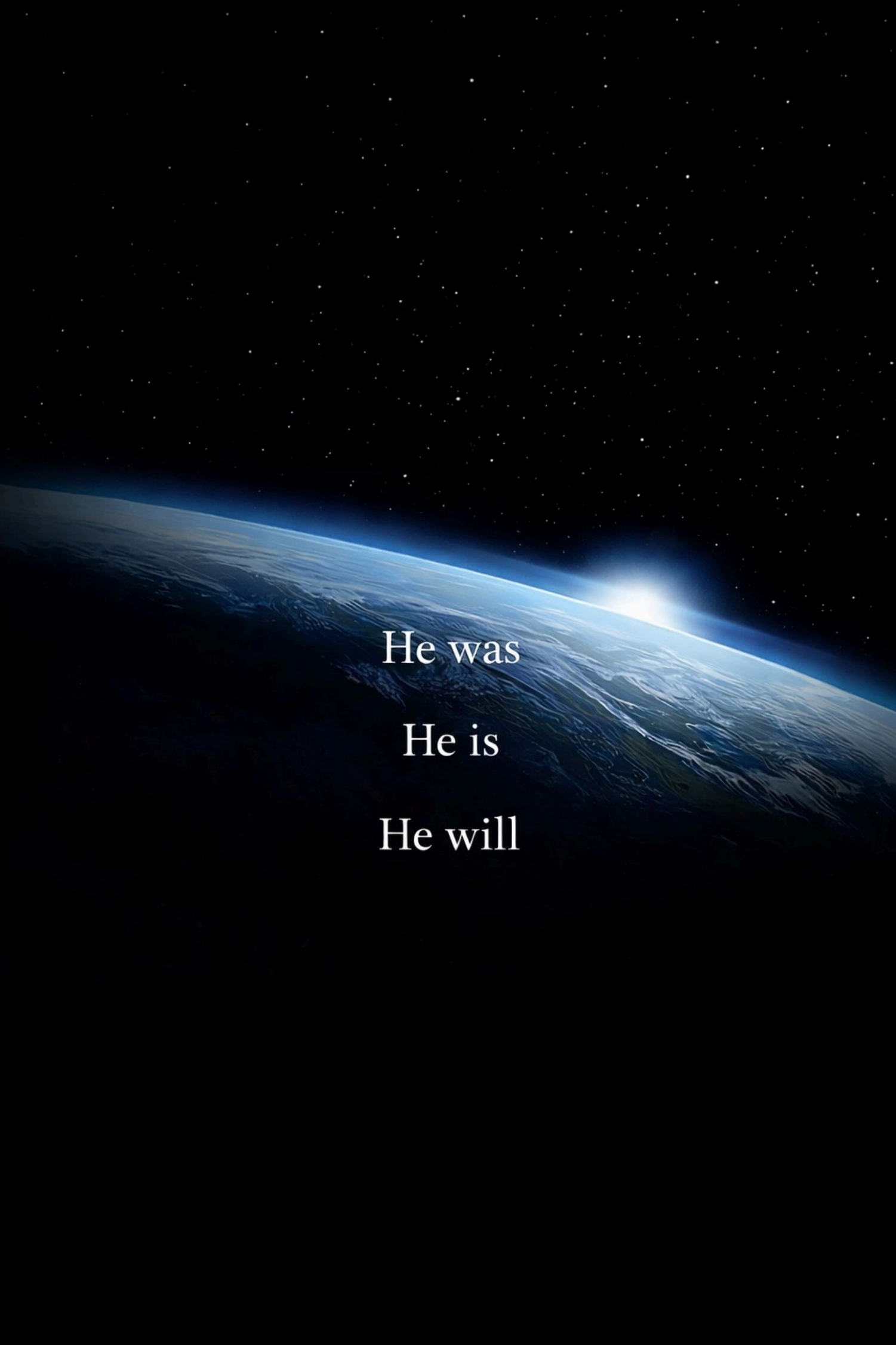


He healed the broken.

He calmed the storm.

He spoke...
and they listened.

Cain's wheel could
not control him


He was
He is
He will